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THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1903.

AN INVESTIGATION AT LAST.

We are glad to hear that the Board of Aldermen has determined, as it is now permitted to do, to make an investigation on its own account of the doings of its members, present and past.

There was a time when it was fashionable for officers of government to keep their acts dark, to cover up and conceal, but that is not the fashion in this day of civilization. The public demand light. The public are suspicious when any public body attempts to conceal, or refuses to investigate charges that have been made against any of its members. We hear a great deal about the power of the press. The real power of the press is publicity. It is the business of the press to make public all matters of public interest, and while some newspapers have gone too far and have made sensations when there was no occasion for it, the fact remains that the press has often exposed wrongdoing, and it is this exposure which had men fear more than they fear all the powers of government.

For a long time there were rumors in this community that some members of our legislative body were guilty of wrongdoing, and the newspapers of the city very properly gave currency to such rumors. By and by the grand jury took the matter up, and although only one indictment was found, it made public a report in which it was charged in general terms that there was evidence to show that other members were guilty, and then there was a popular demand that the Council and Board of Aldermen institute an investigation and probe the charges to the bottom.

A majority of the members of the Council, for reasons which seemed sufficient to them, refused to go into this investigation, and while the members of the Board of Aldermen were in favor of investigation, under the existing law they were powerless to do so on their own account. The law has since been amended, and the Aldermen are now in position to act. An investigation will be held and the light will be turned into the dark corners. The investigation will be watched with keen interest in this community. If it be shown that the charges are unfounded, that all the members have been honest and faithful in the discharge of their duties, the community will be greatly gratified. If, on the other hand, it be shown that the charges are well founded, that members have betrayed their trust in one way or another, they will be punished.

The investigation will be in the interest of good government and public morals. The people of the city are largely at the mercy of their representatives in the Council and Board of Aldermen, and they must in their own interest see to it that the men whom they choose to represent them look after the public welfare and not after their own private gain. Our legislative body must be above suspicion, and whenever charges are made against any member or members there must be an official inquiry and there must be an acquittal or an exposure. Such things cannot be covered up in this city. The way to deal with all such charges is to meet them frankly and courageously and dispose of them according to the evidence.

THE LABOR TROUBLES.

Compulsory arbitration of differences between capital and labor is repugnant to the ideas and feelings of a vast majority of the American people. In this land of personal liberty disputes as to wages, hours of service or what not, should be settled between employer and employee, and government should have nothing to do with such settlements, but in these latter days of labor unions and combinations of capital, labor and capital alike are ignoring the public and its interest and convenience to such an extent that the people who have no concern in the merits of the disputes between the warring parties become greater sufferers than those who are seeking to maintain or to establish rights that are alleged to have been violated by one side or the other.

According to a New York letter in the Philadelphia Record there are 165,000 men in New York city, notwithstanding that every line of business is booming. These men, but for strikes, lockouts and dissensions among rival labor unions, would be earning on an average \$1 a day each, a total of \$165,000 a day, or \$3,960,000 a week. Not only is every penny of this stupendous sum lost to them, but 2,500 building trade firms, representing a total capitalization of \$250,000,000, are at a standstill, with a consequent loss of profits.

Most of the workmen are idle not for any act of their individual unions, but for acts of other unions, or because of the recent decision of employers to stand together and fight the demands of one union by throwing the workmen of many unions into idleness. In other words, employers have answered the sympathetic strike method of the labor unions by declaring a sympathetic lockout. Practically all building has been idle in Manhattan and the Bronx for two weeks. In Brooklyn and Queens, the shutdown began at noon Saturday. Even those contractors who have a fair amount of materials on hand are cut down their working forces at once. About 10,000 work-

men were given notice to-day not to report for work.

The great building boom in Brooklyn this year was the cause of bringing many thousands of workmen to that borough, and the sudden cessation of work will be a severe blow to them. Eighty per cent. of them are innocent sufferers. Of the thirty-nine unions affiliated with the United Brotherhood of Building Trades only about ten have made new demands, which employers deem to be excessive because of the recent advance in wages and other concessions granted.

That sort of warfare is unworthy of a civilized people. We do not pretend to say which side is at fault. We only know that there is plenty of work in New York and that there are plenty of workmen, but there is paralysis in the building trades because employers and employees are at loggerheads. There is fault somewhere, and the worst part of it is that the public, who are not at fault and who are in no way responsible for the trouble, are the sufferers. The interests of the public are rarely consulted in such disputes, and the public are growing weary of such treatment.

We are opposed to compulsory arbitration or anything approaching it, but it seems to us that corporations and labor unions ought to have the wisdom to see that if strikes and lockouts which seriously affect the public interest continue to grow and multiply, the public will be tempted by and to take a hand in the disputes.

AN ANCIENT SKY-SCRAPER.

One of the buildings burned by the great fire of evacuation day, April 4, 1875, was taller than any we have now, or are likely to have soon. It was the "new" Gallego Mills, and was located on a corner lot, between the present mills and the canal locks, where the Richmond and Allegheny Railroad trestle lately stood. Its foundation walls still are to be seen at the southwest corner of Twelfth and Canal Streets. Looking at its southern front when the building was standing, it was ten or twelve stories high. Looked at from Canal Street, it was about two or three stories lower.

This fine structure was completed only a few years before the outbreak of the Confederate war, and but little machinery ever was placed in it. Upon one of its immensely spacious floors was spread the banquet given by our people to the New York Seventh Regiment when it came to Richmond as an escort to the remains of President Monroe. The "new" Gallego and the old Gallego both fell a prey to the evacuation day fire; but the latter has been rebuilt. And it is a much larger and better building than its predecessor was, and is itself a veritable "sky-scraper," and, what is more, it covers nearly a square of ground.

RICH CHURCHES.

The Year Book of Trinity Church, New York, which has just been issued, falls to take the public into its confidence and say what the fortune and income of that wealthy corporation amount to. But a New York correspondent says that, according to information that is said to be authentic, Trinity's income from its financial investments is fully one million dollars a year. The number of communicants of the church is 7,244, distributed among eight churches and chapels. These members last year contributed \$51,335 to the support of the church.

It is somewhat remarkable that the members of such a wealthy church should have contributed so large a sum of money for religious purposes, but it will not do to take Trinity for an example. We do not believe in an endowed church. We believe that every church should raise each year the money necessary to carry on its affairs, and that it should expend all the money that it raises, hoarding nothing. Giving is a part, and a necessary part, of worship in every church, and is a means of grace. The subjective benefits from giving to a good cause are more to be considered than the objective benefits. It is the business of the church to teach and to demonstrate that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The church which has a large fund is not in position to stimulate giving among its members, and on the other hand it is apt to bring into its membership many men and women who are looking for loaves and fishes.

HANNA YIELDS.

Senator Hanna has called off his dogs of war, and will not oppose an endorsement of President Roosevelt's candidacy by the Ohio convention. Mr. Roosevelt is the most anxious man in the Republican party to secure the nomination, and it now seems a foregone conclusion that he will get his heart's desire.

But it is one thing to get the nomination and another thing to be elected. The Democrats can beat Mr. Roosevelt if only they will get together and steer clear of blunders.

Dr. Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, who was the head center of the Populist party at the time of its demise, a few days ago shook some of the sands of Sampson county from his boots and went to Washington. He doubtless had some other kind of business there, but the main thing he did while lingering in the capital city was to get himself well interviewed by the newspaper reporters. It is easy to do that in Washington at this dull season, when live matter is scarce about the newspaper offices. In the course of his talk to the reporters Mr. Butler declared that it was a great mistake to suppose that the Populist party had kicked the bucket. He says the Pops do not care to keep in the scramble, but if the other parties do not behave themselves he folks will rally and whip out both of them, or words to that effect. Mr. Butler thinks it absurd to suppose that any Populist will support Mr. Roosevelt, and so that is an end of that idea. And then he says: "If the Democrats nominate a man of Mr. Cleveland's way of thinking we will have a ticket of our own and get a world of Democratic votes." Mr. Butler adds that these are the things he expects to see happen. That comes right near to saying that free silver Democrats are more Populist than Democrat, and is may be so.

We trust that the Field Day of the Colonial Dames at Yorktown yesterday was pleasant, though the weather was not all that could have been wished. It is strange Yorktown is not more visited by our people. It is a curious looking old town, charmingly situated, and abounding with scenes suggestive of the struggle between Washington and Cornwallis' armies and of the conflicts between the Federals and Confederates. The monument erected at Yorktown by the United States government in commemoration of the aid given us in the Revolution by France, alone, is worth the trip to see.

We hope the example set by the Colonial Dames will be followed by many other good people of Richmond, until the attractions of Yorktown and the delights of York River are known and appreciated by all.

War is being waged in several cities of this country against the companies that will persist in building street cars with unnecessarily steep steps. The women are the chief complainants. They want access to the cars made easier for them.

If the cars which are in use at the present time cannot be so changed as to meet their views, we trust that those hereafter built will be fashioned properly. Nearly every woman who gets on a street car is loaded down with cloaks, umbrellas, bags, satchels and bundles, and the less the ascent she has to make the better pleased she is.

The Hanna-Poraker fight in Ohio was short and sweet, and the makeup an assurance of future harmony. Warring Democrats can learn a slight from these harmonious Republican leaders. We know not what caused the accident in the Chesapeake and Ohio road near Charlottesville on Tuesday, but Engineer Thomas D. Hall, who lost his life in trying to save a small boy, is none the less a hero. All honor to his memory.

A Presbyterian minister in St. Louis is trying to make Dave Francis think he can't have any show after all. He says he sees signs of the early collapse of the world.

The ruddy complexion of the racing James indicates that it has had a lively run through a rain storm on its way from the mountains.

President Roosevelt has told the public what he has known for at least three years—that he is a candidate for the 1904 Republican nomination.

It would take an expert census agent to correctly enumerate the sanguine candidates in old Virginia at the present writing.

Philadelphia has been captured by the Knights Templar, and they are not shy at cartoons and others newspaper pictures.

We could name a dozen or more prominent Democrats who could well afford to take harmony lessons from either Hanna or Poraker, or both.

The question naturally arises: Does the Rev. Dr. Hills know how to make up a bed, so that it would be fit to sleep in? Few men do.

Max O'Rell owed much of his popularity in this country to his clever wife. Most men who are anything worth speaking of are in debt in like manner.

Now that Citizen George Francis Train has commenced anew his old tricks, he is liable to break out in a fresh place at any old time.

County candidates are thicker than tobacco plants in rural Virginia, and they are sticking better.

Let Dr. Andrews go. Mr. Bryan still has his George Fred Williams, and George Fred is no slouch, either.

Winter may be lingering in the lap of spring, but not this spring.

In the meantime "our Uncle Grover keeps right on bating his hook."

Personal and General.

President Roosevelt has been invited by the citizens of North Adams, Mass., to come to that city and unveil the statue of his illustrious predecessor, William McKinley, in course of erection.

John H. Dick, an octogenarian resident of St. Paul, was sent to the poorhouse the other day at his own request. He owns a valuable piece of real estate, the sale of which would place him above want, but he refused to part with it.

Mayor Hiram M. Summers, of Ottawa, Ohio, has put his name forward for a number of prizes to the persons who will maintain the best kept gardens and lawns in the town this summer.

Professor W. L. Whitney, of the Boston Conservatory of Music, is to establish schools of opera in Boston, Paris and Florence, the headquarters to be in the first-named city.

North Carolina Sentiment.

The Greenville Reflector throws a left-handed one at a distinguished son of Carolina thus:

"We believe that Judge Clark stands less above than some of the other gentlemen who have been mentioned, but this would have been true of Mr. Bryan's choice, if it had been anybody else."

The Wilmington Messenger puts this behind an interrogation point: "The cartoonists have jumped on to Mr. Bryan's idea of Chief Justice Clark as the Democratic nominee for President. Wonder what our chief justice thinks of the Pennyfather libel law?"

The Durham Herald says: "Mr. Bryan should be careful that he does not get out of the party through the same hole by which Mr. Cleveland gets in."

The Charlotte News says: "The people do not mind the playing of politics in its place. But they do not mix politics with their own business, and they do not like to see their public servants mixing it with the public business. They are proud of the freedom from corruption and scandal that has generally marked all national administrations, and the display that the Postoffice Department has been making of itself offends their national pride."

The Wilmington Star sees the "problem" solved in the sweet by and by. It says:

"But negro labor is and will continue to be a necessity until it can be replaced by white labor, which of necessity must be slow, but it would be good thing for the South in many respects if it were practicable to substitute white for negro labor at once. Thus we would solve not only the labor but several other annoying questions."

Trend of Thought
In Dixie Land

Florida Times-Union: We are sorry those three murderers were lynched in South Florida, but we note they are hunting another negro suspect with bloodhounds in Indiana. At least we are glad that the bloodhounds did not go with the Florida story, to keep Uncle Tom's Cabin on the rounds.

Memphis Commercial-Appel: The coal trust is known to be an illegal combination, but unless the conspirators are sent to the penitentiary, what will be accomplished? What do they care for injunctions, adverse decisions and fines of \$5,000? No more than a sailor cares for rain.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Do not judge the South by those tow-ers who are pouring money in on that Indianapolis chambermaid who refused to make up the bed occupied by Booker Washington. Every section of the country has its tow-ers.

Houston Post: Good, well constructed sidewalks, clean streets, well kept grounds and symmetrical, imposing and comfortable buildings are all evidences of the prevalence of the spirit of progress, and no city has yet developed in the highest degree or maintained its supremacy without them.

Columbia State: The road to harmony does not pass near Lincoln, Neb., nor has it a branch extending to Princeton.

Montgomery Advertiser: "Bryan's endorsement of Jim Williams as a suitable Presidential candidate would be of some consequence, perhaps, if some one would kindly tell us who Jim is."

A Few Foreign Facts.

Some Viennese admirers of English literature have formed a club for its study called the "John Ruskin Club."

Chemistry students in the University of Heidelberg are compelled by the rules of the institution to insure their lives.

The Bishop of Ripon stated the other day that a wet Sunday made from \$1,500 to \$2,000 difference to the church collections in his Diocese.

Baron Attila Paganini, the grandson of the celebrated violinist, is going to leave to the town of Genoa all the many mementoes of the great Paganini. Of these there are great numbers. They include presents from many Kings and Emperors and copious valuable autographs from distinguished men of Paganini's time; also all the works, both edited and unedited, of the great violinist, and other instruments—among others one very ancient one on which Paganini used to practice.

The first duly qualified woman physician in Australia, Dr. Emma Constance Stone, recently died at Melbourne at the age of forty-six. She was the daughter of a London contractor of scientific tastes, was settled in Tasmania. She studied first at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, afterward in London, and finally in Melbourne, where she started practice, and encouraged a number of young ladies to follow in her footsteps. Dr. Stone was a strong advocate of female suffrage.

It's Bound to Come.

"Of course," said the optimist, "if a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble, he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he's so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, he will find it. So what's the difference?"—Philadelphia Press.

Lockjaw, Perhaps.

"I see there came near being a serious calamity at the last meeting of the Anti-mated Woman's Club."

"Yes. While they were in session an appalling silence fell on the assembly."—Chicago Record-Herald.

And Comfort, Too.

"Is there any real advantage in being a millionaire?" asked the philosopher.

"There is," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "You can wear your old clothes without exciting comment, which is a great economy."—Washington Star.

Girls' Frock.

Among the prettiest styles for girls are the guimp dresses—always becoming, and the full ruffles of lace or embroidery around the shoulders frame a face most charmingly. A pleasing feature of the design shown here is the shaped bertha, which buttons to the belt in front. This makes the pattern especially practical for wash materials, although, when made of the woolen stuffs the style is



equally pretty if the bertha is dotted with French knots of contrasting color.

On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fail to mention number. Sizes for 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 9-year size will require 5 1/2 yards 27 inches wide.

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THE PURPLE GOD.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

The two ran for a dozen yards, stopped in some thick cover and looked back. Over the waving jungle grass they saw, by threes and fours, a swarm of men emerging into view. A noisy crowd, attired in striped linen, chintz and calico, and mostly armed with billhooks, swords and knives.

"Ryots and husbandmen!" muttered Ruggles. "What are they doing here?"

"The news of the revolt at Meerut has spread like wildfire," Jack answered hurriedly. "These soundrels belong to the forest villages, and they are out to plunder and murder. They must have heard of our presence at Rampoora—probably through some of Escourt's coolies, who saw us from their hiding places."

They are creeping through the grass, sir. Watch me drop that chap with the green turban."

Jack knocked the sergeant's carbine aside. "We may have greater need for our ammunition by and by," he said. "Can't beat them at a race."

"Ah! If we only had the horses, sir!"

As they resumed their flight a ball from a matchlock severed a bunch of foliage overhead, and a burst of fiendish yell told that the natives were in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER XV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

For the present the search for the bride path and the quest of Ralph Escourt and his sister were lost sight of in what promised to be a desperate race for life.

Jack and the sergeant had been long enough in India to learn something of the crafty cunning of the ryot (countryman), and, therefore, they were not lulled into a false sense of security by the silence that reigned behind them when they had gone nearly a mile.

In spite of heat and fatigue they pushed on through the jungle, and not in the best of tempers, for it is far from agreeable to play fox and hounds, with the part of foxes, on empty stomachs and in a tropical climate.

"I got knocked up, sir," said Ruggles. "I suppose it's no use hoping we've thrown the devils off the scent."

"I'm afraid it isn't, Jack replied. They are too sharp for that. Bear up a little longer, sergeant."

"I'm game till I drop, sir."

Just then a matchlock exploded but a short distance to the rear, and the report was followed by a human howl of agony.

"One of the rascals has fallen and shot himself," said Jack, with grim satisfaction. "Tjv joy, they're close at our heels!"

"They'll be right on us next, sir. Better make a stand, and see what a dose of lead will do."

"Not until we are driven to it, Ruggles. Courage, my man!"

The situation was now critical in the extreme. The quick, stealthy glide of feet through the grass and reeds, the harsh sound of man calling to man, vibrated nearer as the fugitives continued with unbroken breath, with their hearts thumping painfully against their ribs.

"I'm-I'm done for," gasped Ruggles. The young officer, who was himself almost speechless, grabbed his companion's arm, and pulled him along. They floundered into a dense copple of bamboo, and found themselves in a narrow path worn by feet of men and horses.

Half a dozen yards to the left it stopped before an arched gateway, on either side of which extended a stone wall pierced with loopholes.

"A village!" exclaimed Ruggles. "And a more than doubtful refuge," said Jack. "But we must take our chances and hope for the best. We can't be much worse off than we are."

As he spoke he turned swiftly round and fired his pistol at the foremost of the pursuers, who had just sprung into the path. The fellow dropped with a single cry, and his fate seemed to check the ardor of the rest.

The fugitives sped on to the gate, and before they could knock upon it an invisible hand swung it open in their faces and a voice bade them enter quickly. As they sprang through there was a full crash and a rattle of bars behind them.

CHAPTER XV—CONTINUED.

In front they saw a pretty little street with tiny houses and gardens on each side, and then they turned to look for their preserver.

A tall, elderly Hindoo of dignified aspect, with a white mustache and beard, stood calmly before them. His linen trousers were of European cut, but his

flowing tunic and turban were after the native fashion.

"It is needless to inquire," he said, "if you are fleeing from the terrors of the revolt. But whence come ye, sahibs?"

"From Meerut," Jack answered. "And you are in present danger?"

A shrill and angry clamor ringing close behind the village wall, made the question almost superfluous. In a few words Jack related the events of the morning.

"You are strangers within my gates," was the reply, spoken in perfect English; "and for that reason alone you should be sacred to me. Moreover, as it happens, I am a friend to the English."

Make your minds easy. As for these badmashness and rogues, if they are wise they will stay their hands from violence and go as they came. Follow me, sahibs."

The exhausted fugitives could scarcely credit their good fortune, and they were at a loss for words with which to express their gratitude. They walked rapidly down the little street, to the intense curiosity of the inhabitants, male and female, who flocked to their cottage door.

"My will is theirs," said the old Hindoo, proudly. "Have no fear."

He stopped before a massive inner gate, protected by the frowning muzzles of two pieces of cannon, and set in a wall of considerable thickness and height. The three passed through, and mounted a flight of steps to a sort of parapeted platform. Jack and the sergeant never saw the other side of the gate.

They were in the outer precincts of a large fortified house, an Anglo-Indian villa of the type built by European officials in the beginning of the century. It belonged to that period, and, in addition to the outside rampart, it was guarded by a palisade and a ditch. All around stretched the village itself completely invested by a stout wall.

"We've stumbled into luck, sir," whispered Ruggles.

It was, indeed, a stroke of good fortune that had befallen the fugitives. They were at Jack's right hand, in one of those little communities to be found here and there in India, where the people combine together for protection, and give loyal devotion and allegiance to their headman, who is usually a wealthy zemindar.

Such, undoubtedly, was the old Hindoo's position. He waved his hand with an air of proprietorship.

"All is mine," he said. "I rule by kindness, and the villagers are true to their oath. I can tell you every man of them is a law-abiding citizen."

There is no form of relaxation that we like more than a game of ball and we could go to see three games in one day and miss our meals."

We think peaches and cream the next thing to sweet potato pie and butter milk, and much nicer when served by a pretty girl at the cafe with red cheeks.

When Not At Business.

Savage Landor, the explorer, is at present in the South Arabian Sea, where his ship is being carried on the pirates of the Celebes Sea. He writes to a friend in London that he is enjoying himself hugely and that the pirates are charming hosts out of business hours.

All In.

"I hear tell day been lynchin' niggers out West."

"Oh, yes! 'Pears like we all in do Union now."—Atlanta Constitution.

Cosily Fun.

Entertaining a kink in an expensive hair, the late visit of King Edward to Dalkeith Palace cost the Duke of Buccleuch about \$25,000.

rut. And that same night we heard that you had been captured by Pindarons on the outskirts of Jhalapur."

"Chandra Singh must have spread the report," said Jack. "He had good reason to be, for at the time I was a prisoner in his hands."

A volley of thunderous blows, delivered with some heavy instrument, cut short the young officer's sentence. Then a crash, a splitting, ringing sound, and a wretched exclamation from Manrao Punt. "By gad, air, they're in!" cried Ruggles.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PARSIS' PALM-AM. The sergeant's statement was only partly correct, for the mob were not yet within the village. But there was now nothing to hinder them from making an entry, since the outer gates, assailed with logs and weapons, had been wrenched